Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 21 MONTREAL, MAY 21, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

W Bronscombe 30 09

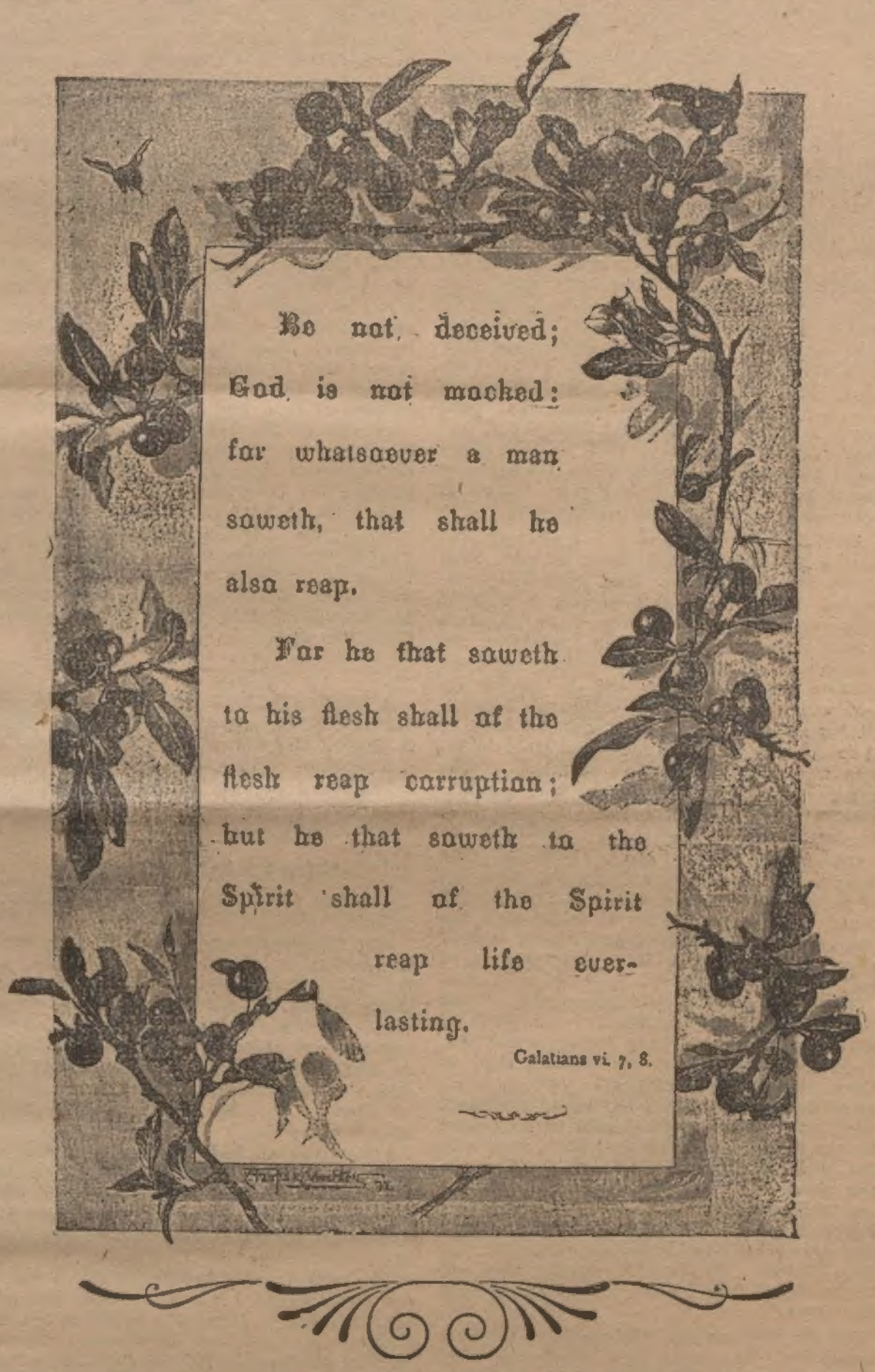
The Training of Children.

(Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, in the 'Sunday-School Chronicle and Christian Advocate.')

New methods and new ideals concerning children have made men question the absolute accuracy of the Old Testament words in Proverbs xxii., 6: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it.' I, nevertheless, intend to treat it as an inspired statement, as a declaration of truth. The first thing I desire to say is that training involves an ideal. We are living in an age when even in the Christian Church the ideals we have for our children are very low. Too often the aim for our boys is that they shall be educated, gain a position for themselves, and 'get on in the world.' Too often for our girls we have the ideal that they also shall be educated, refined, and accomplished, and presently, again to use a phrase which, if I could, I would cancel absolutely from the thinking of Christian parents, 'get settled.' These as ideals are anti-Christian and pagan. I am not undervaluing education. It is the duty of every man to give his children the best education possible. I am not undervaluing position. Let every lad be ambitious to be the best carpenter, the best doctor, the best lawyer in the whole district. Let our girls, in very deed and truth, be educated, cultured, and refined; but if these constitute the ultimate, then in what are we removed from pagans?

What, then, should be our ideal? That the child should realize Jesus Christ's estimate of greatness. A man is great if his character is what it ought to be. In the manifesto of the King not a single blessing is pronounced upon having, nor upon doing. All the blessings are upon being. The true ideal toward which we are to move in the training of our children must be the realization of the character upon which Jesus Christ has set the sevenfold chaplet of His benediction. That the boy may be a godly man, that the girl may be one of the King's daughters, is the supreme matter. To neglect that as the ultimate, to lose sight of that as the goal, is to ruin our children by a false love. Next, the training of a child involves 'personal discipline.' You will make your boy what you are, and not what you tell him to be. You cannot expect your boy to be a Christian athlete if you are weak and anaemic in your Christianity. If you neglect prayer, and if the family altar is a thing you can lightly lay aside, your boy will not be likely to erect it in his own home. If I am to train my child, I must see the goal towards which I desire him to press, but I must go that way, too.

Then, again, training involves a recognition of certain facts about the child. First of all, account for it as you will—I care very little about the philosophy, but care a great deal about the fact—there is enough iniquity in the heart of every child to effect the ruin of the race if it works itself out. I remember this also, that there is not a child born that is not born to the inheritance of the grace of God, and that is far mightier than



the forces which are against them. So I have these two things to remember in the training of every child, that there is in the child, first of all, the capacity for evil, but beneath it, deeper than it, truer than it, is the capacity for good, and at the disposal of the child for the realization of the good as against the evil, is all the grace of God.

I suppose it is necessary in these days that we should teach children in crowds. Would to God we could escape from it. Every child is a lonely personality, a special individuality. When God made you, he broke the mould, for no two men are alike. You cannot find in any one home two children alike. Train up your family of two, or three, or four, or five, on exactly the same lines, and you may hit the goal in the case of one and miss it in all the rest. No, you must specialize. Every child demands special consideration. We have suffered in every way, socially, politically, and most certainly religiously, by the habit of imagining that we can deal with children in crowds, and treat them all the same way. It cannot be done. For the teaching of certain things which they must know, it is necessary; but when you are going to train a child it is a matter of education rather than instruction. There is all the difference in the world between instructing and educating. To instruct is to build in; to educate is to draw out.

Training must be twofold. It must, first of all, be positive. The children must be taught that they belong to Christ, and led to the point of recognizing this fact and yielding themselves thereto. In the second place the children must be taught that sin is their enemy, and therefore God's enemy, and it is therefore to be fought perpetually. Our first business is to bring the child into a recognition of its actual relationship to Christ, and

a personal yielding thereto. Let it be done easily and naturally. Do not be anxious that your child should pass through any volcanic experience, but as soon as possible the little one should be able to say, 'Yes, I love Jesus, and I will be His.' It should be as simple as the kiss of the morning upon the brow of the hill, as the distilling of moisture in the dew.

Now we must notice that it is only upon the fulfillment of the conditions enunciated that we have any right to expect a fulfilment of the promise made. We have no business to expect that our child will fulfil the true purpose of life if we neglect the training of the early days. It may be asserted that the untrained must go wrong. Not necessarily. You may neglect your child, and some godly Sunday-school teacher may do the work you have neglected. Or it may be said that the wrongly trained must go wrong. Not necessarily. It is not always so. There are children wrongly trained at home who yet at last have found life and its great fulfilment. People sometimes who have been very careless about training their children in godliness, who thought of all things except the supremely needful things, when their children are taken from them, speak of the hope that they will meet them when they cross the border line. Yes, perchance, but your child, if you fed, clothed and educated it, and neglected its relation to God, will be more eager to meet the Sunday-school teacher who led it to God than to meet you. Spiritual relationships are the final relationships.

With such an ideal, and such a training, and such a promise, the only fear we need have about our children is fear concerning ourselves. It is true that there have been great failures. Why? Children from Christian homes sometimes turn out ill because of the laxity which imagines that a child's happiness consists in self-pleasing, and in having its own will. There is all the difference between letting a child have its own will and training it in its own way. To train a child in its own way crosses the will sometimes. This, however must never be done with passion. Passion burns to destruction. Reason fires to construction.

Or, it may be, on the other hand, that there is the sternness which forgets the needs of young life. There is the method of the moral policeman. When it is adopted the boy crosses the threshold and with a sigh of abandonment plunges into every excess of evil.

Said a man to me some years ago: 'How is it I have lost my children?' I replied: 'I do not see that you have lost your children. They are sitting round your board, most of them, and they respect you.' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'but there is not a boy round my board who trusts me.' Then I said to him, more for the instruction of my own heart than with the idea that I could help him: 'What do you mean?' 'Why,' he replied 'there is not one of them who makes a confident of me.' I looked the man in the face and said: 'Did you ever play marbles with them when they were little?' At once he replied: 'Oh, certainly not.' And I said: 'That is why you lost them.'

We do not lose our children when they are seventeen. We lose them when they are seven. You are a good man, and a hard man, and your children know it. They respect you, but they do not trust you, and you lose them. There may be a laxity that is too gentle, a love that is anaemic; but there may be too much iron in your blood, too much sternness.

How shall we find the happy medium? If we are going to be so severe as to be true, and so tender as to hold, we must know him, the Man who could look right into the soul of a Pharisee and scorch it with His look, and into the eye of a little child and make the child want to come and play with him. We must be much with Christ if we are to be with children. If you do not know Christ, keep your hands off the bairns.'

A Fascinating Story.

A story full of human interest and one of which the readers will not want to lose a word, is the 'Paths of the Righteous,' by Miss Lily Dougall, which is to be run as a serial in the 'Witness,' commencing AT ONCE. See special trial offer on another page.

Religious News.

The German Orient Mission was founded in 1895 for the direct purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Mohammedans, although for some time it was deeply interested in aiding the Christians in the Orient who were suffering persecution from Mohammedans. Since 1901 it has employed in Bulgaria Pastor Awetaranian, himself a convert from Mohammedanism, who has translated the New Testament into the old Turkish or Kashgar language, and, being in charge of the missionary printing-press in Philippopel, has commenced the furnishing of Christian literature suitable for Mohammedans. He also edits a monthly magazine, 'Schahid ül Hakhaig,' the first evangelical monthly in the Turkish language. Proof of his success is the frequency with which he is attacked by Mohammedan leaders in the daily press, attacks which lead to answers by the Christian missionary and the public presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus. Krikor Keworkian is another worker of the German Orient-Mission in Bulgaria, who is located in Rustschuk, whence he makes frequent missionary journeys to Schumla, Popowa, Rasgrad, and other towns. He reports that he is generally well received, and that some Turks are glad to have him speak to them of Jesus and even pray with them.

In Persia, the German Orient-Mission has its chief work in Sautschbulagh among the Mohammedan Kurds, for whom it is now printing the New Testament in the translation prepared by its chief missionary, Pastor von Oertzen. In Turkey, its chief work is medical missionary work at Diarbekr. The income of the German Orient-Mission for 1907 was about $50,000, of which amount about $2,300 was used in aiding the Evangelical Christians in Russia.

A GOOD PRAYER MEETING.—'The prayers were short, and all asked for something.' A graphic description, indeed, of one of the requisites of a good prayer meeting. Would that it were the rule and not the exception.—'Congregationalist.'

Work in Labrador.

A TRIP AND ITS TRIALS UP NORTH.

The following account of an early winter trip is from a letter by Dr. Little, who, with Dr. Stewart, has been stationed at St. Anthony during Dr. Grenfell's absence the past winter. Seventy-five miles across country by komatik can evidently offer its fair share of incidents and excitement, 'really a jolly good time,' so the doctor expresses it:

St. Anthony, Jan. 3, 1909.

Dear * * * :

I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and holidays, and now I will tell you about mine. We heard a man had broken his leg at Flowers' Cove, 75 miles from here. I should have started on Christmas day, but we had a blizzard.

The next morning before daylight I was up, and by full light I was away with nine dogs. On the komatik I had the medicine box, two pairs of snowshoes, dog whips, axe, kettle, one meal of whale meat for the dogs, and a black rubber bag containing change of underclothing and socks for self and man, sweater and skin mitts for self and man, tea, sugar, two tin cups, two spoons, also a can of milk, one mince pie (from home), one piece of boiled pork fat, one tin of sausages, and one tin of buns made with molasses and pork fat, so as not to freeze. I wore two pairs of stockings, and camps and skin boots, warm underclothes, blue flannel shirt, grey vest, sweater, buckskin trousers and coat, leather belt, foxskin cap, and knitted muffler. We travelled till one o'clock, when we found the way barred by open water in a bay, so we stopped, boiled the kettle, made tea, and ate the mince pie, which was very good. We then had to go back into the country, zero weather and snowing hard, very hard going, mostly on snowshoes. By dark we realized we did not know where we were. We were on an open barren, no use going any further, so we found a few trees and built a fire and had tea. It got pretty cold, and, of course, we could not sit still, so all night we cut down trees and chopped them up for the fire; then while the brush was burning first the man would cut one and pile it on the fire, and I would by the light cut one down. In this way we kept fairly warm part of the time. We did not dare stand very near the fire, as both of us were wakened up suddenly a few times by sitting down hard, and we were afraid we might fall forward into the hole in the snow made by the fire. This was about eight feet deep. It got dark at four and light at eight. We had no watch. The next morning it partly cleared, so we found out where we were and kept on. Travelled all that day on snowshoes, eight hours, again storming, but we managed to get to an old tilt. It had an old stove which smoked so that it was almost unbearable. One would sit in front of it and get warm one side at a time, while the other watched to see he did not go to sleep and fall on to it. Our sugar and milk were gone, and we had the boiled fat pork to eat. The next day, the third, we arrived at Flowers' Cove after dark. Two of our dogs had given out. We were very hungry and could not seem to get the smoke out of our system. I saw the man that night and got his leg in a plaster cast, slept well, and next day saw twelve patients, did some co-operative store business, and arranged about the accommodations for the nurse we are going to have there when the travelling gets good. The next morning, leaving one dog, which was still too crippled, we started back, stopping at Savage Cove, Poverty Cove, Deadman's Cove, Pines Cove, Green Island Brook, Green Island Cove, and finally Eddy's Cove, where we spent the night, having seen some thirty patients, operated on a necrosis of the jaw, etc., etc. The next morning we started at dawn and travelled till about two, when we had tea and buns; then travelled till half-past ten, when we arrived at the reindeer camp, and had hot beans, bread and tea; then travelled home, where we reached at 1 a.m. It was a splendid moonlight night and the northern lights were beautiful and of all colors, thermometer ten to fifteen degrees below zero all day. This day's travel was fifty miles, forty of which was done on snowshoes, running at a dog-trot all the time—this was the only way we could get along. It sounds kind of hard, but the only time I was tired was when my stomach was empty, i.e., it was not muscle tire, but want of food; we could not spare the time, though on our return we had plenty of food. We pushed through this way so as to save a day and be here over Sunday. I wanted to write, and we are expecting the mail-boat any time now, if the ice outside allows her to get in. I lost four pounds, and am now, I think, in good hard condition for the winter's travelling. The reason this trip was so hard was that at this time of year the snow has not packed down, and it is unusual to cross the country so early. It really was a jolly good time, except for the smoke. I hope the dogs will be all right; it was hard on them.—J. M. L., in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

The true cross of the Redeemer was the sin and sorrow of this world. That was what lay heavy on his heart.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Peter Kerr, Dalhousie Junction, N.B., $3.00; Thomas Hamilton, Brysonville, $1.00; Miss L. E. Singleton, Brighton, Ont., $1.25; A. I. Stanley, Clinton, $1.00; Lewis O'Brien and M. Cameron, L'Orignal, $10.00; A well-wisher, New Brunswick, $1.00; Two Friends, Paisley, Ont., $1.00; Wm. Rutherford, Wheatland, Man., $5.00; W. R. Atkinson, St. Catharines, Ont., $2.00;
Total.. .. .. .

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1909.

Believing and Doing.

James ii., 14-26. Memory verse 26.

Golden Text.

Faith without works is dead. James ii., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 24.—Jas. ii., 14-26.
Tuesday, May 25.—Jas. i., 16-27.
Wednesday, May 26.—Matt. vii., 15-29.
Thursday, May 27.—Tit. iii., 1-8.
Friday, May 28.—II. Pet. i., 1-11.
Saturday, May 29.—I. John iii., 13-24.
Sunday, May 30.—Col. iii., 1-15.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

We have been studying for quite a number of Sundays about Paul, some of the things he did, and some of the places he went to. We know, too, a good deal about Barnabas who used to travel about with Paul, and in last Sunday's lesson we heard something about another man; I wonder if any of you can remember his name? It was James, and we are very interested in that James, because he used to play with Jesus when they were boys together, and he used to help Jesus in the carpenter's shop in Nazareth. James found it very hard to believe that Jesus was the promised Saviour of the world (John vii., 5), because he had known and played with Jesus and worked with Him like this, but after Jesus rose from the dead and came specially to see James (I. Cor. xv., 7), he did believe and became a very earnest Christian. He was so fine a Christian that people called him, James the Just, and they made him head of the church council in Jerusalem. That was where we studied about him in our last Sunday's lesson, and to-day we are to study something from a letter that he wrote. James was what you call a 'practical' man. Do you know what that means? It means just doing what you believe; and that's what our lesson is about—believing and doing. Do you know any other word that sounds like 'practical.' There's 'practice': that means doing over and over the same thing until you do it well. You boys say you have to 'keep in practice' if you are going to play baseball well. Suppose that some one said 'Oh yes, I believe there is such a game as baseball. I believe it is a splendid game and I know all the rules and all about it. I know baseball well.' Then you said 'What are you best at? Can you pitch or bat or field best?' What would you think if he said 'Well, I never have played but I know all about it, so I know I could get through a game in fine style.' Why, you would laugh at him, and say 'That's nonsense.' It doesn't matter what you know or what you believe, you've got to 'do' things if you are ever to be a baseball player. You've got to get out in a field and 'hit' the ball, not just 'say' you know how to hit it. You've got to prove you know how if you are going to play in any game. No one will believe you 'know all about it' until you show you do. Perhaps you would be too polite to say all that but you could think it just the same, and that is the kind of thing that James is telling us in our lesson to-day. He says its no use 'saying' we are Christians unless we 'show' we are. Its no use 'saying' we believe in Christ unless we 'do' the things that Jesus told us to. He says we have got to keep in practice as Christians just as much as you have got to keep in practice at baseball if you are really going to be any kind of a player. Now let us see just how he tells us all this.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Short though this epistle is it is a mine of delight to the living active, Christian. Here is the exposition of a Christianity that counts. Not any attempt to set forth a salvation through works, but the earnest exhortation to manifest to others one's own salvation through one's works, in other words to 'let your light shine.' James has no word against faith, that is, real earnest faith, but the man who merely 'seemed to be religious' (Jas. i., 26) the man who claimed an inward illumination that his life did not express, met with his unhesitating censure; that man's religion is vain, empty, the 'sounding brass or tinkling symbol' against whose hollowness Paul as unhesitatingly inveighed (I. Cor. xiii). So far from James denying the true power of faith he expresses in this very epistle a belief in the power of faith to which few indeed in the church to-day can rise (Chap. v., 15,16). So far from discounting the efficacy of Christ's sacrifice in favor of our own faulty works, he is only echoing the teaching of the Master. There is a great similarity between the teaching of this epistle and that of the sermon on the Mount. Verses 20 and 21 have a striking resemblance to Christ's words in John xiii., 13-17. Luke xii., 8; Matt. vii., 16-27; xiii., 8; xxv., 14-46, will show what importance Christ attached to works, making the fruit of the tree the evidence of its life, and a man's works the final test in the great day of judgment. Paul so far from opposing James as some have construed his words to do, is evidently with him (Rom. ii., 6-20; II. Cor. ix., 7-11; Eph. ii., 10; Col. i., 10, etc.). The place of importance to which James assigns faith is evident in his comparison of it to the body while works he compares to the spirit, or breath, the evidence merely of the body's life. But as the death of that body in which no life stirs is absolute, so the faith that is inert and useless is nothing but a deception of the soul (James ii, 22).

(SELECTIONS.)

Verse 14.—What does James mean by 'faith'? Not at all what Paul or Luther would mean. 'Faith, as Paul defines it, '"worketh" by love' (Gal. v., 6). Faith, as Luther said, 'is a lively, busy, active thing, so that it is impossible for it not to be ceaselessly working good; it does not ask if good works are to be done, but before it asks it has done them, and is ever doing.' 'Such' faith 'does' save a man.

'Can that faith save him?' We are assured that an educated Hindu will pass an examination in hygiene, and then look on complacently while every imaginable sanitary law is violated within the walls of his own compound. He does not so realize his science as to appreciate its practical import, he is content with the abstruse knowledge, never proceeding to apply it. Does that faith save him? Is the educated Hindu in his filthy compound delivered by his abstract knowledge from enteric, plague, cholera? We know that his theoretic science gives him no immunity whatever, he falls a victim to the prevailing epidemic just as readily as do those who never heard of any science of health. Likewise the nominal saint masters the creed; sometimes in actual experience and conduct he violates every great spiritual and moral law. Will 'his' faith save him? Nay, 'does' it save him? Does it save in the day of temptation, enabling the tempted one to put away the evil thing? Does it save in the day of trouble, bringing strong consolation into the stricken heart?

And what fails to save here and now is not likely to save us elsewhere and hereafter. That faith, and that faith alone, which is genuine enough and strong enough to bring peace and purity now, can secure us eternal salvation. What stops with fancy and dreams is of little count in any department of life, least of all in questions of character and destiny.—W. L. Watkinson, in 'The Duty of Imperial Thinking.'

'He is a "good citizen." He believes in civic reform, and is ready to say so whenever it amounts to nothing to say it. He votes his party ticket religiously; he never goes to the primaries; has no time to interrogate a candidate as to his position or to try to influence others to combine with him in defeating an unworthy man or measure. He complains of party tyranny, but submits to it year after year, because "nothing better offers." Can that faith save the city, or the citizen? What doth it profit?'—The Rev. William E. Strong.

Verse 16.—'Christians in Turkey are hiding in the fields because their dwellings are burned, and the fear of death hangs darkly over their starved and naked bodies; and other Christians hearing of it, as they plan some fresh indulgence for their pleasure, say, "Too bad! but trust, be patient, and may God, who cares for the ravens, send you food and raiment."'—The Rev. William E. Strong.

Verse 20.—(Compare Eph. ii., 8, 9). Arnot well says, Paul and James do not stand face to face fighting each other, as so many have assumed, but back to back fighting opposite foes. Paul's foes are those who think faith a mere intellectual matter, and works the means of their justification; James foes are those who think works of little consequence, and mere intellectual faith their justification.

Verse 26.—A laboring man, asked whether it was possible for a child of God to live an ungodly life, made answer: 'If I pour boiling water into a cup, it makes the outside hot as well as the inside. So when the gospel gets into a man's heart, the life will soon show it's there.'

Faith alone justifies, but not the faith which is alone.—F. W. Roberteon.

The truths that are not translated into lives are dead truths.—Woodrow Wilson.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 30.—Topic—The story of David Brainerd and the people for whom he worked. Acts vi., 4. (Missionary meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 24.—Righteous Lot. II. Pet. ii., 6-9.
Tuesday, May 25.—Courageous Nathan. II. Sam. xii., 1-7.
Wednesday, May 26.—John the Baptist. John i., 15-28.
Thursday, May 27.—Jesus. John i., 9-13; Matt. xv., 21-28.
Friday, May 28.—Peter. Gal. ii., 7-9.
Saturday, May 29.—A daughter of Jacob. John iv., 25-42.
Sunday, May 30.—Topic—Heroes of home missions. Matt. x., 7-16.

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Correspondence

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To think kind thoughts,
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The new members of the League for this week are Roselyn Margaret Davidson, M., Ont.; Gladys May Hemus, and Ethel Mary Hemus, O., Alta.; Mildred L. Lewis, L., N.S.; Edward H. Kinder, L., B.C.; Florence Ethel Staismeare, L., Ont., and Florence E. Trinnel, S. J., Ont.

L., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in the mountains of B. C. in a very pretty place. I had two traps out and caught a martin. A wolverine put his foot in one but got away. I have fine fishing out here. I caught 989 fish last year. I have two sisters and one brother. I am going to join the R. L. of K.

EDWARD H. KINDER.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and have a good time playing ball and other games. It will soon be time to start plowing and seeding. There is a lot of game around here and people come from all parts to hunt during hunting season. I wish, Mr. Editor, that you could come up in the fall and join in the sport. I have just one pet, and that is a dog named Collie. I think the Royal League of Kindness has a splendid pledge.

B. WATSON LATIMER.

M., Sask.

Dear Editor,—This winter my papa made us a handsleigh, and we have had lots of fun with it. We could take it out and draw each other around on it. We get on the big high snow banks and slide down. I will close with a riddle:—What goes on one foot?

HAROLD FITZGERALD.

S., Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm one half mile from the small village of S. We have two general stores, an elevator, a blacksmith shop, implement shed, and a town hall. I am nine years old. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School and enjoy reading the little folk's page very much.

GRACE PARKER.

R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live at ... (although R. is our post-office). This part of K. is not very thickly settled, but about three miles from here is a small village. The Salmon River flows through the village and past our farm which is farther down. I go to school at R. which is two miles distant, and am in the ninth grade. I live on a large farm of between five and six hundred acres. A large part is uncultivated. We do not keep many cattle, having only eight cows and six young cattle. We have twelve sheep and three horses. Several wild animals were seen around here last summer and fall, such as bears, moose and deer. Several moose have been shot near here this winter. I saw the verse Keith Swayze of D., Quebec, wrote, and I think it is very good. Dr. Grenfell's letters are very interesting I think.

GERTRUDE E. MacLEAN.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a good time the last day of the old year, skating. Mother had a New Year's dinner. Our two grandpa's were here for dinner. We have no grandma's. There has been a lot of whooping cough around here this year.

ISABELLA SMITH.

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am very glad to see dear old spring come again. We saw some chipping sparrows, juncoes, robins and black birds this spring. My brother found a poor little sparrow last winter that had frozen to death. We were studying about birds and flowers at school last term and I liked it best of all my studies. My brother and one of my sisters and I tapped a few trees this spring. We have just got enough sap to make about a gallon and a half of syrup yet, but we expect to get some more. My eldest sister is teaching school about ten miles from home, and some of us go for her every two or three weeks when the horse isn't working. I guess my letter is long enough, so I will close.

S. I. S.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Our Church.' Irene C. MacIntosh, R. D., Alta.
2. 'On the High Seas.' Leslie Bremner (age 12), V., Man.
3. 'A Cow's Head.' Raymond Taylor (age 11), P. B., N.S.
4. 'Babes in the Wood.' John F. Nelson (age 14), P. C., Ont.
5. 'A House.' Derwyn Manely (age 12), P. C., Ont.
6. 'House.' Edna Gilbert (age 8), L. R., Que.
7. 'A Deer.' Wilhelmina Hunter (age 9), C., Ont.
8. 'A Barn.' Lorne Allin (age 11), S., Sask.
9. 'Foot-ball Player.' William J. Hagen (age 12), Ottawa.
10. 'Fishing Tent.' Leta Conley (age 12), C., N.S.
11. 'Steamer.' Bradford Glavin (age 9), W., N.S.
12. 'Meow!' R. Irvin, F., Ont.
13. 'Montreal Ice Palace.' Francis Theodore Fraser (age 15), Montreal.
14. 'A Tree.' Gladys Hogle (age 11), B., Ont.
15. 'Steamer.' Robert Erle Wightman (age 9), Toronto.

OTHER LETTERS.

F. E. Trinnel, S. J., Ont., has four black Cochin Bantams for pets. 'I call the rooster after Black Douglas, and the three hens Pansy, Betsey, and Tutsey. They will come when I call them by their names.'

Bessie Wilson, M., Ont., tells about the cold weather they are having. 'It is very cold here and the wind is very strong and high.'

John F. Nelson, P.C., Ont., agrees with Bessie, but, he adds, 'I expect it will soon be good growing weather, now, although hardly any of the farmers round here have done much at seeding.'

Mildred L. Lewis, L., N.S., tells 'what a lovely grove' they have. 'In summer it is lovely and cool and we have a school picnic there every year.'

Gladys H. Troup, S., Ont., is also thinking of the joys of summer. 'I am glad summer will soon be here. My brother has a camera and can take good pictures. He has taken several of me, I think it is great amusement to have a camera.'

Eugene Swan, C. N. A., N.S., is another summer lover. 'We have great fun fishing in our river near the hill.'

Bessie Stewart, L. D., Ont., supposes that 'everybody is very glad summer is coming.' Bessie tells about a W. C. T. U. contest that she attended. It was evidently very good.

'A Country Girl,' S. V., Que., writes a nice letter but does not sign her name. It is against our rule to publish letters when we don't know who wrote them, you know. Write again, 'Country Girl,' and sign your name. We will not publish it if you do not wish it published.

May E. Mathews, Alice E. Mathews, and Emma P. Smith, write together from B.C. All say they wish to join the Royal League of Kindness but did not send in any pledges. May has been in the hospital for a month but we are glad she is out again. All send riddles but these have been asked before with the exception of one Emma sends: Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?

We also received little letters from Janie L., B., N.B.; Florence B. Vail, U. B., N.B., and Wilhelmina Hunter, C., Ont.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

From 'The Birds of Killingworth.'

Plato, anticipating the reviewers,
From his republic banished without pity
The poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a committee,
The ballad-singers and the troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food,
The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song;

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

—Longfellow.

Only a Trifle.

(M. L. Ziegler, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

Mr. Griffin sat in his roomy office, seriously meditating upon a certain course of action. He was a tall, white-haired gentleman of seventy, and had for forty years been a prosperous hardware merchant. He owned two stores, the main one in the heart of the city and the branch on the other side of the river, which divided the city into two parts, Toledo and East Toledo.

Until within the past few years he had managed the main store, employing ten clerks, and had a manager for the branch. Now he found it necessary to employ one for the main store also, thus enabling him to supervise affairs, and still spare himself the arduous routine so imperative to good managing.

The problem now vexing him was the providing of a new manager for his East Side branch, lung trouble having caused Mr. Ames, its former manager, to resign. Mr. Ellis, who had charge of the main store, was temporarily in control there, until a successor to Mr. Ames should be appointed.

Mr. Griffin's choice lay between two young men, whom he had had in his employ for seven years, and the selection was extremely difficult, as both were capable of taking the position.

Mr. Griffin had been a prominent church worker ever since he had come to the city, and had taken these two boys, Robert Lane and Sidney Carr, from his Sunday-school class.

Glancing at his watch he saw that it was time for him to go to dinner, and leaving a few directions regarding the business, he donned coat and hat and left for his home.

After the maid had left the room, Mr. Griffin, who shared all his plans with his wife, said, 'Well, Lucille, I have not yet been able to choose Mr. Ames' successor. I have exhausted every thought on the subject, but still can arrive at no conclusion. Can you help me?'

'I do not know,' she replied. 'They are both good boys, both do well in church work, and both make model clerks. Have you ever noticed a tendency on the part of either to shirk?'

'No, I cannot say that I have. While Sidney is more willing to work, Robert by no means neglects his tasks. I have considered it from that standpoint. I have also endeavored to find a preference by other things, but I cannot see enough to render it plain. I do wish both boys could have the position, they both want it, and each deserves it, but I can only use one of them. Then, you see, as my health is beginning to fail, I must, in the course of years give up my business, and that means a good chance for the manager to buy the place. I know Mr. Ellis intends to purchase the main store, as we have practically come to an agreement. And the branch would be a splendid investment for either of the boys.'

'Charles, have you ever seen either of them sneer at a customer who just leaving the store? I do not mean that they are rude boys, but sometimes in a down-town store I hear a clerk say, That man was a dawdy, or a similar remark. I know it does not hurt the customer, but it makes one feel as they leave the store that it is his turn to be criticized. Have you ever noticed that from either of them?'

'No, but now that you speak of it, I will tell you what I did notice. Do you remember about two months ago, when Roger Brown dropped the collection plate? He is so readily embarrassed, and as he was unexpectedly called upon to take up the offering, the regular usher being out of town, he was confused. You do recollect? Well, upon that day, after he had dropped the plate, when the poor boy was trying to look unconcerned, and pick up the change, I remember that Robert never even smiled, but Sidney really laughed.'

'That is one point against him. Instead of saving Roger's feelings, it made him all the more conspicuous.'

'Yes, it is the most evidence, if such it may be called, that I could find on either side. Of course both have faults, as well as the rest of us, but in the main, they are extremely nice young men, and there is no pronounced difference in their actions. The boys both want the place, and still neither will feel slighted if he does not get it. But even after you have found a way to decide, I would rather see Sidney have it. In the Christian Endeavor, as vice-president, he seems more progressive than Robert, who is president. I will take a few more days to think about it, and now I must hurry back to the store. Mr. Ellis being over on the East Side keeps me busy.'

'How is Mr. Ames getting along, Charles?'

'Nicely, but he will never be able to work again, with that cough of his. Well, goodbye, Lucille.' Mr. Griffin paused at the door and kissed his wife. 'Really, Lucille, you are looking younger every day,' said he, and she laughed and answered, 'You are quite a flatterer.' But the smile lingered even after he had turned the corner, and as she stood there, an observer would have quite agreed with Mr. Griffin. Of medium height, with white hair, pink cheeks and dark eyes, she was a sweet, placid-looking woman, and did not do justice to her sixty-five years, one reason being that she dressed as neatly and becomingly as she did forty-five years ago.

After Mr. Griffin reached his office, he felt somewhat disappointed. 'I did not know how strongly I wanted Sidney to have it,' he soliloquized, 'until Lucille brought that one point before me. If I could find another fact to obliterate that one, I should give Sidney the management of the branch. I feel as though he should have it. But I will continue to study the situation and see them at work.'

As he watched the two young men that afternoon, they were aware of his scrutiny. 'Well, Sid, the man does not make up his mind in a hurry, does he? I cannot help but wish I would be the lucky fellow, but if you win out, I will not begrudge it to you,' said Robert when they were at the front of the store. 'Nor I to you, Bob, we always have been chums, and helped each other, and neither will allow that to come between us. I wish you luck, old boy.' Then as a customer came in the conversation was dropped.

Late that afternoon Tom, a half-witted man, came to the store. He had conceived a liking for the large, roomy store, with its display of hardware, and considered his visits a necessity. His advent was regarded by the different clerks in various lights, some encouraging, some tolerating, and a few protesting against his coming. Mr. Griffin was always very cordial, and received Tom's suggestions concerning the trade very kindly. Robert Lane would not talk to him, as he claimed that people would think he also was not mentally sound.

With Sidney Carr the matter was entirely different. He would show Tom the new stock and tell him the uses and values of each thing. Mr. Griffin preferred to have a clerk do this, as Tom might come to grief if left to do his own investigation, and he never would leave satisfied unless he had made a complete tour. So Sidney had fallen into the habit of showing everything to Tom, and thereby became one of his 'trusted' friends. According to his ideas, Tom had but few of them, the brother who kept him, Sidney, Mr. Griffin, a policeman on the beat, and his little nephew. The rest of his relatives he called 'friends,' but the 'trusted' ones were made to feel the honor he conferred upon them by the distinction.

During their frequent talks, he asked Sidney to take him to the theatre on Sunday, and the young man told him that it was impossible, and why, so Tom had volunteered to attend service with him. He had done so, and now occasionally came to church alone. To-day he said, 'Say, Sidney, I want to go to meeting next Sunday, but I haven't got a decent tie, won't you get me one like that pretty one you wore last Sunday? I heard the girls tellin' how awful pretty it was. I look right nice in that new white shirt you gave me, but my tie is so dirty, and you wear such a clean one.'

(To be continued.)

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A Successful 'Failure.'

There died not many years ago a professor who had given his life to a special and somewhat restricted department of learning, and who made for himself a place so unique that his chair still remains vacant, and it is frequently said that it can never be filled.

The testimonies to the value of his work are so abundant and so evidently genuine that the college feels its loss to be irreparable, and at every meeting of alumni or college officials there is reverent mention of his name. And yet the obituary notices have not told the entire truth about this man. He was not altogether happy in his work, and at times was profoundly discouraged. The enthusiasm of his students is in part after the fact. His colleagues considered his department of minor importance, and sometimes the trustees raised the question whether, as a matter of economy, the institution would not be justified in discontinuing a chair devoted to a branch of education so slender and so little appreciated.

The professor felt it more keenly than they. 'I am a failure,' he said to his intimate friends. 'I cannot inspire men with enthusiasm for my work. They tolerate my required studies and do not elect the others,

and I am hampered by the encroachments of other departments and am not permitted to work out my theories. I am kept in the treadmill of elementary instruction. The preparatory schools ought to do the work I am doing, which every year I dislike more and more, and I should be building up the system for which my years of training have been a preparation. Those years are wasted unless I can build higher.'

He died, leaving his system incomplete. The higher work he aspired to do he never was permitted even to begin. He chafed in his restrictions, and grew impatient in his uncongenial surroundings, and died disappointed. This is what the obituaries did not tell, and it is not all the truth, nor do many people know this about him. Very few of those who knew him will recognize him from his description; for the thing most evident to those who knew him best was the truth of a noble and successful career. That which made him a real success was his genuine Christian life.

To him by an instinct unerring went the student in trouble. Himself always empty of pocket, he could always find a loan for the poor fellow in need. Discouraged himself, his heart went out to the man who was behind in his work and tempted to give up his course. Pure in heart and exemplary in his own life, he was wonderfully charitable toward the man who had done wrong. His religion overflowed in the warmth of a faith that loved God and men.

'Why is it that we miss him so?' asked one graduate of another. 'He was not the greatest man on the faculty, yet he was the best beloved. He never succeeded in making us ride his hobby with much enthusiasm. Why did we love him so much?'

'It was his religion,' said the other—'a religion that was not only on the surface but all the way down to the heart.'

It was the right answer. His was the religion of unselfish affection, and it made him to many hundreds of young men one of the best beloved of their teachers and gave to his life abiding power for good.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Rhodora: Whence is it?

(By Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods.
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

What a Freight Master Did.

An engine bumped against some empty cars in the early dawn of a winter morning. A boy who had been asleep in one of them was thrown, dazed and bewildered, against the door, which he had pulled to when he crawled into the car the night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his head into the car, and reached for his jacket, which he supposed was hanging where he had left it. He was somewhat surprised to find a boy on it, and took it from him without ceremony.

'Now get out of here!' he said, thrusting the boy from the door. 'If I catch you in one of these cars again, I'll give you to the policeman!'

'What's he been up to, Bill?' said a man who was putting freight into the next car.

'Up to my coat,' he said, giving it a vigorous shake as he walked off.

The boy looked dirty and dejected, as he limped along by the side of the track. The man who had spoken called after him:

'Hello, there! Do you want a job?'

The boy turned back quickly.

'If you'll help me load these firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll have to work spry.'

The prospect of a little money brightened the boy, and he set to work in earnest, though he was stiff and cramped and hungry.

'Do you live around here?'

The boy shook his head.

'In case we should want to hire a boy about your size, can you give me any recommendations as to your character?'

The boy's face flushed, but he made no answer. The man watched him narrowly, and when the car was loaded, handed him twenty-five cents.

'We're short of hands in the freight room. Do you think you'd like the job?'

'Yes, I would like it.'

The boy's face was almost painful in its eagerness, as he followed the man into the freight room.

'Now,' said the freight man, seating himself on a box, 'we'll have a bit of a talk before we get to business. I don't know anything about you except that you are cold and hungry; you've got into some scrape, for if you hadn't you wouldn't be loafing about stations and sleeping in freight cars. I'm not going to ask you whether you have done anything wrong, but I'm going in and ask whether you've got a mother.

'No, she's dead.'

'Got any father, or folks that belong to you?'

'I've got an uncle and some cousins.'

'Well, now, if you had a mother, I'd send you to her in no time, for there is nothing that a mother won't forgive; but uncles and cousins are different. If I recommend you at the office, they'll take you, but mind, if I do it, I'm going to watch you as a cat does a mouse. You'll have to spend the evenings and Sundays with me. I went wrong myself when I was no older than you are,' lowering his voice. 'And if it hadn't been for my mother—well, that was a long time ago. You've got switched upon the wrong track, I am sure, and as you haven't got any mother to help you get into the right one, God helping me, I'll do it, if you'll let me. Preaching isn't in my line, but there's just one thing you don't want to forget, and that is the good Father is giving you a chance now to get where you can do right and feel right. Are you going to take it?'

The boy answered faintly that he would try. He was taken into the freight yard, and was put under his new friend's eye constantly, and it was not long before the man had soon won his confidence that he told him his story.

There was trouble and dishonesty connected with it, but for two years the lad proved himself faithful and trustworthy in his new occupation. He was then advanced to a more responsible position, but there was something almost pathetic in his devotion to him who had befriended him, and in his respect for the religion he professed.

Here was practical Christianity worthy of any man's emulation.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Crippled Soldier.

(Mary Gilbert, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

Had little Feodor Kozminski been asked his dearest wish he would not have mentioned any of the toys desired by most boys. Even a pet pony had little attraction for him, who had owned one since his babyhood.

There was one thing for which he longed with all the ardor if his boyish soul, for the commonest possession of the little peasants had been denied to him. The only son of the rich and powerful governor of the province, he longed for the strong, straight back which would enable him to play like other boys, and give him hope of one day wearing a uniform like his father's.

To be a soldier! That seemed to him the best thing that life could offer—the one great boon for which every boy should strive.

Had he had a mother to turn his thoughts to gentler things, he might have learned how much nobler are the victories of peace than of war, that there is no bravery greater than that of the cripple, who makes a success of life despite his heavy handicap.

The Governor made no secret of his disappointment that the son and heir, whose coming he had eagerly awaited, was so ill-fitted to follow in the footsteps of his father, and to inherit his proud position as well as his great wealth.

Since the death of his mother, when he was two years old, little Feodor had been left to the care of nurses and tutors. Now, at the age of twelve, he was a fine, manly little fellow, despite the crooked back which had prevented his growing half as fast as a small boy should.

He had felt his affliction more keenly than ever the past few days, for the emperor's nameday was approaching, when his father would have the privilege of appointing a cadet to the imperial military school in St. Petersburg. Feodor knew without being told that the coveted place would have been his, had Nature made him straight and strong. Now it would go to another boy, and the thought was almost more than he could bear.

This was what made his eyes so sad as he sat on the little balcony of the Governor's palace, awaiting the coming of the procession in which his father was to be the central figure.

Nearer and nearer sounded the beat of the horses' hoofs; now the band struck up the National Anthem, and Feodor leaned eagerly forward to catch the first glimpse of his father.

As he did so he heard a stealthy footfall behind him, and turning quickly, saw a strange young man who had just stepped onto the balcony. Feodor scanned his face curiously. It was a dark, thin face, with the hollow cheeks of a consumptive, and deep-set black eyes, in which the fire of insanity had begun to blaze.

'Who can he be?' mused Feodor. 'Surely I have seen him before—I wonder where it was.'

Suddenly he remembered—this was the man who was talking with the butler yesterday and had quickly disappeared on Feodor's approach. What was he doing here now? In his excitement Feodor forgot the oncoming procession until recalled by a triumphal burst of music.

The Governor's carriage was approaching, and as Feodor leaned eagerly forward, waving his country's flag, the young man raised his hand quickly, in a way that made the boy's heart stop beating.

What was it that he held? Surely one of the dreadful bombs which had already caused the death of many high officials. Should he let it be thrown at his father? Quite forgetting all danger to himself, he sprang straight at the throat of the would-be assassin. So unexpected was the attack, that the young man stepped backward, but with his right arm still upraised. Boy against man, it was no fair struggle, and Feodor would have soon been beaten, had not fortune especially favored him.

The excitement of the moment started the consumptive's racking cough. Before he could recover his breath, Feodor gained possession of the bomb, and ran quickly downstairs. The next moment the Governor's servants had taken his assailant prisoner.

More than one member of the procession had witnessed the brief struggle, and awaited its outcome with bated breath. Among these was Feodor's father, who, as the boy came rushing down the steps, sprang from the carriage and caught him in his arms.

'Shall I throw it into the river?' asked Feodor, holding up the dread instrument which might have cost so many lives.

It was quickly taken away by a member of the guard, while the father clasped his son to his breast.

'My dear, brave boy!' he cried. 'To think how nearly you gave your life to save mine!'

'Don't mind about that,' said the boy awkwardly, although he flushed with delight at his father's praise, 'I don't count for much, anyway.'

'Don't count!' echoed the Governor pas-

Premiums! Premiums!!

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'Witness' Block, Montreal.

sionately. 'Never say that of yourself again! A man might fight the battles of a nation without seeing a braver deed than yours!'

'Do you really think I m - like a soldier?' cried Feodor eagerly.

'As brave a one as I ever knew,' replied his father gravely.

The boy leaned against the Governor with a long sigh of contentment. Life was assuming a rosier outlook than he had ever supposed it could wear for him.

He began to realize that there is more than one kind of soldier in the world, and that if you cannot be one of those who wear uniforms, you may join the yet greater army of those who fight their battles alone.

their interesting ways when kept in confinement. But, in all parts of the country where trees are abundant, the common squirrel may be seen almost any day during the summer months. Where are the squirrels during the winter months? That indeed is a question which you might ask about many of our familiar animals and birds and reptiles. Many of the birds which we see so often during the summer have gone in the winter to southern countries, where the weather is much warmer than in England. But reptiles and insects, and some animals like the squirrel, are said to hibernate—that is, they pass the whole winter in a kind of deep sleep, never waking until the warm sun some bright spring day

as it is usually placed at the very extremity of some slender bough, where it is swayed about by every breath of wind in a way that one would think must occasion much alarm to the little family sheltered therein. The squirrel seems to know quite well that the position of its nest is a very secure one. Of course, the slender bough on which it is placed would break long before any one could get within reach of the nest. And so you may shout, or do anything short of striking the nest with some missile or other, and the squirrel will take very little notice of you.

It is in this summer nest that the young squirrels are born, and, though the nest seems very frail, and the bough upon which it is supported very slender, yet the two parents and three or four young squirrels are able to find a secure habitation. They live together as one family all through the summer, and share the same winter nest until the coming spring, after which the young animals go out into the world to shift for themselves.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

LITTLE BUILDERS.—THE SQUIRREL.

Little Builders.

The Squirrel.

In our series of papers about little builders we have had specimens of nearly every kind of homes or nests that God has taught animals and birds to construct, and you will have noticed how cleverly they are made, and how well suited they are as a protection against the weather, and also against the numerous enemies who would do them hurt.

All of you will often have seen the pretty, saucy English squirrel. We sometimes see them in cages, and, although it is very nice to keep pet animals, yet they lose most of rouses them to activity again. Animals that hibernate in this fashion require some secure retreat, or they would fall a ready prey to any foe on the look-out for them. Frogs hide themselves in the mud at the bottom of ponds, where oftentimes they are frozen for months together without suffering any inconvenience. Insects hide away in some crack in the wall. Squirrels make for themselves a strong, sheltered, warm house in the fork of some tree. These winter nests are exceedingly difficult to find, and the little animals are rarely disturbed during their long sleep.

But the squirrel makes another nest for the summer months. This is more like a cage than a nest, and you may see it quite easily,

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

The Praying Soldier.

A hundred years ago, to be in the army was a sore trial to a Christian man, as you will see from the story I am going to tell you.

About that time there was a man in the 51st Regiment named James Harmer. He was a good soldier of Christ, but it was no easy work—hard indeed he had to fight. He could not even kneel down and pray in his barrack-room, and dare not read his Bible. His comrades would persecute him,

HE WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE COURT-MARTIAL.

and, sad to say, the officers would encourage them in so doing. The only thing he could do was to go out into the fields to hold communion with his God, and this he freqently did.

The regiment was quartered at this time in Ireland, and had been employed in putting down the rebellion there.

James Harmer used to be so much alone and away from the others, that he was charged with being in league with the rebels, and was brought before the court-martial to answer for himself.

They heard his defence as to his reason for going away, that he went into the fields to pray. All the officers burst out laughing at the idea of a man of the 51st wanting to read his Bible and pray to God, for amongst all the other regiments this one was particularly distinguished for the swearing, drinking, ungodly behavior of the men.

So they thought what he said was so absurd and so utterly unlikely, that they gave sentence that he was to be shot in a fortnight.

But God did not leave His praying servant. His eye was upon him all the time, just as it was on Joseph in the dungeon, when outward things seemed all against him. We can believe how the trial pressed upon the soldier's heart, to be accounted a traitor when he was only serving his God.

And then death in fourteen days! Could it be? Would it be permitted? But James Harmer knew that he was innocent, and all the rest he left in the hands of his Master.

The day before the execution came, and the commander-in-chief came to inspect the troops. He dined with the officers, and it was told him as an excellent joke that the man who was to be shot on the morrow had defended himself on the ground of praying and reading the Bible. This excited the interest of the general, and he said he should like to see the man.

Accordingly he was brought into the mess-room there and then. The general said he understood he was sentenced to death for communication with the rebels, and he should like to hear what he had to say. The man replied, 'General, I only spoke the truth; I said I went out to read my Bible and pray to my God.'

'Kneel down just where you are, then,' said the general, 'and let us hear you pray.'

James Harmer knelt down directly, and he prayed for his country, his sovereign, his officers, his wicked companions, and himself. The general was convinced of his innocence, and said, 'No man could pray like that unless he were used to praying.'

So it was all changed now, and James Harmer was an acquitted man. Not only this, but it gave the general such an interest in him that he took him for his own servant, and by-and-by got him into another regiment which was going to be sent out to Ceylon. There he turned his attention to languages, learnt not only the Cingalese, but ten different dialects, and showed so much talent, that his next advancement was to be sent to college.

Then he became a chaplain; and the man who was once about to be shot as a traitor was now respected and honored by all who knew him. And, best of all, he did his Master's work in translating the Bible into Cingalese, and his translation is the one used to the present day.

So we see it is true indeed what God's Word says, 'The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust Him' (Nahum i., 7).

So James Harmer found it, though at one time it all looked so black and dark around him. God was all the time preparing the plan for him.

He does the same for every heart that trusts Him, though the latter may not always see it quite so plainly. And we see how He is a God that heareth prayer, and answereth it too. If we go to Him through Jesus He will never, never send us empty away. —'Friendly Greetings.'

The Runaway Umbrella.

(Emma C. Dowd, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Eddy was the last to start for school on that rainy, windy morning. Ernest and Helen had gone a half-hour before, and two of the newest, trimmest umbrellas had gone with them. Then Ruth and Lucy had trudged away to the grammar-school under the smart umbrella that had been Lucy's Christmas present. So it happened that when Teddy was ready for his long walk to the kindergarten there was only one umbrella left in the stand—and that the very biggest, heaviest of them all.

'Dear me,' mamma said, 'I don't know as you can manage this great, clumsy thing! Ernest should have taken this one.'

'Oh, I don't care!' cried Teddy. 'It will keep off more rain, don't you see?'

'Well, be careful and not let the wind run away with it,' mamma replied, as she opened it for him and kissed him good-by.

'Why, mamma, you needn't worry about such a big boy as I am. Maybe,' he added, 'I couldn't have carried it when I was little; but now I can—just as easy!' and he ran off, waving his hand to her.

But the first hard gust made him go more slowly, and he clasped his umbrella handle with a tighter grip.

Four blocks to the west, then three to the south—that was the way to the kindergarten. Before Teddy reached the corner of Parker Street he wished the umbrella was not quite so big and heavy. 'My, how it blows!' he said at the end of every gust. Until the gust had passed he had more than enough to do to attend to that clumsy umbrella; he could not even mutter. But when he turned the corner, and the wind was full at his back,—'Oh!' cried Teddy, for that umbrella was almost wrenched from his little wiry hand. But he clung to it tightly, although he could no longer walk. He had to run to keep up with it!

On, on, on, the umbrella pulled him. Sometimes he was almost lifted off his feet. The wind came in no more gusts—or rather, it was one long, steady gust! Oh, if it would only stop long enough for him to get breath!

When the school building was reached, Teddy made a desperate attempt to stop; but that umbrella would not let him! On it went, past the scholars' gate, past the teachers' gate—now the building itself was left behind. It was almost nine o'clock, and only a few children were near, and they had too much to do to manage their own umbrellas to notice any other little boy's.

Finally Teddy ran right into a young man, and he was so big and so strong that the umbrella had to stop.

'Seems to me that's a pretty big umbrella for a little man like you,' said the stranger.

'Well, it's all there was,' Teddy explained, 'and it carried me right past kindergarten. I shouldn't ever have stopped if it hadn't been for you.'

'I'm glad I happened to be here,' laughed the young man. 'We'll go back to the kindergarten together. It won't do to trust you to the care of that mischievous umbrella again.'

The children were singing when Teddy went in; but when he told the teacher all about his exciting race with the umbrella she said he was not to blame for being tardy, and he was soon standing up and singing happily with the rest.

Her Brick Was Missing.

A little girl had a wonderful dream. She was taken one night by an angel far away from home and earth up to Heaven, and there the angel showed her a very beautiful room or palace. Everything in this place seemed perfect, excepting that up in a corner one brick was missing.

She asked how this was, and the angel, with a very sad face, said, 'Oh, that is your fault. The work you should have done you neglected, and now the building is left unfinished because you didn't lay your brick.'

We all have a work to do, even if it be so small as the laying of a single brick in the great building of God, or if it be only mixing the clay.—'League Journal.'

Sunday Thoughts.

(Abbie Farwell Brown, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

God must expect me to be good,
  Because He curled my hair,
And gave me things to make me neat,
  And pretty clothes to wear.

I like my little furry muff,
  My hat is lovely, too;
My Sunday frock is fresh and fine,
  My gloves are neat and new.

'Tis pleasant to be nicely dressed,
  But I must not be vain,
For many better little girls
  Have shabby gowns and plain.

It seems so easy to be good
  When all one's clothing matches;
I'm sure that wicked thoughts belong
  To rags and dirt and patches.

The children who wear horrid clothes
  Are not so much to blame
When they are bad, as I should be.
  For me 'twould be a shame!

'Lighting Up.'

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

'Where are you going?' said the taper.

'Away high up,' said the man; 'higher than the top of the house where we sleep.'

'And what are you going to do there?' said the taper.

'I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is,' said the man. 'For we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now.'

'Alas! no ship could ever see my light,' said the little taper, 'it is so very small.'

'If your light is small,' said the man, 'keep it burning bright and leave the rest to me.'

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse—for this was a lighthouse they were in—he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

O boys and girls, who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to Him.—Selected.

The Turkey's Nest.

One day the old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way, and she took a long time to find it, but, when at last she had suited herself, she said:

'They may go to the East and go to the West,
But they'll never be able to find my nest';

and she felt so proud of herself that she walked all the way home with her head in the air.

When she got home to the barnyard, her friends were talking about her. There was the Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen, and when they saw her coming, they called, 'Where did you make your nest?'

'Guess,' said the turkey hen, and then they were puzzled.

'Well,' said the Gray Goose at last, 'when I go to make my nest, I always try to get near the water, for there's nothing so good for my health—so I'll guess the goose pond.'

'Right,' cried the Duck, 'I'll quite agree. The pond is just the place for a family.'

'The idea,' said the Brown Hen, chuckling to herself; 'why, what could be healthier than hay or straw? I'll guess the haystack.'

'But though they did their very best,
They never could guess where she'd made her nest.'

The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder, and she walked about the barnyard like a queen. One day the cook saw her, and said to the children, 'Certain and sure that old turkey hen has made herself a nest somewhere.'

'Then I'll find it,' said Cousin Ben, who had come to visit on the farm.

'Then I'll find it,' cried Brother Fred. 'She can't hide a nest from me.'

'Then I'll find it,' said little Ben. And they all started out to look for it.

Cousin Ben went down in the hollow and looked in the grasses and leaves, and in the stumps and hollow trees.

'But though she did her very best,
She couldn't find the turkey's nest.'

(To be continued.)

Temperance

An Address to a Brandy Bottle.

(K. E., in 'Temperance Leader.')

You, old brandy bottle, I have loved you too long!
You have been a bad messmate to me;
When I met with you first I was healthy and strong,
And handsome as handsome could be.
I had plenty of cash in my pocket and purse,
And my cheeks were as red as a rose,
And the day when I took you for better or worse
I'd a beautiful aquiline nose.
If you look at me now, spread from chin to the pow,
I am pimpled right over the face,
Clean wasted and worn, with my vestments all torn,
And my nose—it's a perfect disgrace!

What Jack Hill Heard About Himself.

(By E. E. Hatchell, Author of 'Climb, Boys, Climb!', in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.')

It was Saturday afternoon, and a crowd of men poured out of Small and Son's offices, in the town of Harkhunt, with their week's wages in their pockets. Some walked straight home, some did not. Many of them owed the publican of the 'Grey Horse' a tidy sum for the past week's drinks, and Jack Hill was among the number.

Having paid his account, he began at once starting another one, and then his chums treated him to a glass, and he treated them, so it was quite three o'clock before Jack turned his steps homewards. On reaching his house he walked straight into the kitchen and hung his hat and his tool-bag on a peg and sat down by the fire. There was no one in the kitchen. His wife was busy turning out the rooms upstairs and giving them their usual Saturday cleaning.

The table was neatly spread for his dinner, and there was a meat pie keeping hot for him in the oven. Yes, Nancy Hill always did her best to make things comfortable for her husband, but she had a hard job of it sometimes, when he gave her very little money for her house-keeping and her various household wants. No one was aware of Jack's entrance, but the door leading into the yard was ajar, and Jack could hear his two children, Bobbie and May, aged respectively six and four years, chatting outside.

'I'm tired of playing dustman,' said little May; 'let's play father and mother.'

'All right,' said Bobbie; 'you begin.'

'Dad,' said May, pretending to be mother, 'give me some money, please, for the children's boots.'

'Children's boots be ——,' and Bobbie hesitated for want of the right word.

'Hanged,' suggested May.

'Yes,' said Bobby, 'be hanged.'

'What's that mean?' asked May.

'I forget,' said Bobbie. 'Oh, no, I don't! It means "be bothered." Father says we are always wanting new things.'

'Does father love us?' queried little May, playing with one of her golden curls.

'P'raps, a little bit,' replied Bobbie, 'but not an awful lot.'

'I 'spect he would if he didn't love public-houses so much,' sighed the child, looking sad. 'Oh, why did God make public-houses?'

'Pooh! You silly!' replied Bob, scorntully. 'God didn't make public-houses.'

'Didn't He?' said May, in surprise.

'In course He didn't, you baby!' retorted Bobbie. 'But, there, you haven't been to Sunday School as long as me,' he added, consolingly, 'or you'd know better. God only makes good things.'

'He made mother, then?' said May, quickly.

'Yes, He made mother,' replied Bobbie, with authority, ''cos mother's good, but He didn't make father, 'cos father gets drunk and swears, and——'

'Calls mother bad names,' broke in May.

There was a moment's silence, then Bob said, in puzzled tones, for his stock of theology was exhausted at last, 'May, I wonder who did make father?'

'I don't know,' replied May. 'Oh, yes, I 'spect I do! I 'spect the devil did, Bobbie. Father is always telling us to "go to the devil," so I 'spose he knows him quite well. I don't want to go to the devil, do you, Bobbie?'

'I don't mind,' retorted Bobbie, stoutly. 'But, then, I'm a boy and you're only a girl. I'm not 'fraid of nobody.'

'I'm 'fraid of the devil' faltered May. And then, anxious to turn the conversation, which had become rather too personal, she said, 'I wonder what else did the devil make?'

'He made pubs, and father, and heaps more things,' replied Bobbie, getting quite out of his depth.

'Tell May,' pleaded the child.

'Heaps and heaps,' said Bobby, slowly, with a wise shake of his head, 'but I can't remember them all now. Look here, May,' he broke off, 'I'm tired of playing "father and mother," let's play horses,' and taking a piece of string out of his pocket he proceeded to harness the little girl.

Jack Hill sat speechless, with his dinner almost untouched before him. At first he was highly amused at the children's conversation, but his amusement soon gave place to unutterable shame. Was that the sort of father he appeared to his children? A man so bad that no one but the devil could have made him! Ah! he knew better than that. He knew God made him, and once he was as innocent and pure as his own little children were now, but the devil had marred him, ruined him!

For some time Jack sat with his face buried in his hands; he was thinking as he had never thought before. God's Holy Spirit had used the children's prattle to open their father's eyes to his own sinful condition.

Then, rising from his seat, Jack took his hat and walked out of the house. How could he ever face his children again? Impossible! Where should he go? And almost instinctively he turned his steps in the direction of holy Joe's cottage.

'Holy Joe' was a crippled shoemaker, well known in the town for his Christian character, hence his nick-name. Many a time Jack had ridiculed this old man, and laughed at his earnest words; but now he felt no one could help him so much as 'holy Joe.' He found Joe Smith sitting alone at his bench mending a shoe.

'Joe,' he began, without any preliminary explanation, 'I'm miserable, downright miserable!'

(To be continued.)

About Our Flags.

Our readers (individuals or schools) who have been working for a flag, but were prevented from getting one in time for Empire Day, may still secure one now and have it ready for Dominion Day.

We have sizes 1 yard, 2 yards, 2½ yards, 3 yards, and 4 yards, to be had on the basis, of premiums for new subscriptions. Generous terms on application. We do not seek to make money on these flags. We want to send out all the flags we can to wave throughout our great Dominion, and so that the subscriptions meet the cost, that is all we want. Every flag of the highest quality from best British makers. Satisfaction or money back. The smallest size flag (same quality as the large ones) is given also for selling ONLY TWENTY COPIES of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents a copy. Send the money with your order and get the flag at once, or send a card for some 'Pictorials' to start with and wait for the flag till sold. This small flag sells regularly at $1.50—the other sizes at a proportionately higher figure.

If you want to get a flag for a little work and without a cent of cash outlay, we are the people to show you how. Just write us for the necessary helps.

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..HOUSEHOLD..

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The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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2137.—Girls' dress.—Serge, mohair, voile or wool batiste are pretty developed in this model, trimmed with colored braid or bands of Scotch plaid. Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

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Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Wait Till the End.

(Sarah Tytler, in the 'Christian Age.')

PART II.

The Storm and the Refuge.

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Dixon was not behind her husband in striving convulsively to fit her burden to her shoulders, but it was sad work, and when she heard a double knock while she was in the middle of her dreary catalogue of tables and chairs, and pots and pans, the genial, hospitable woman could have 'crept into a mouse's hole,' as she described the feeling afterwards, sooner than face even the heartfelt condolence of her neighbors.

'Augusta! What has brought you here?' the poor woman cried in alarm, as the door opened and disclosed the visitor. 'Harry—

Testimony From a High Authority as to the Value of Orange Meat

IN an address to the Canadian Association of the Master Bakers at their Convention, held in London, Ont., August 14th and 15th, 1906, Professor Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, said, among other things, as follows: Various types of breakfast foods may be roughly divided into the follcwing classes:—1st, The uncooked, such as granulated oats, etc., which require long cooking to make them palatable and aid digestion; 2nd, Partially cooked, such as rolled and flaked grains. In this process the cell walls are ruptured by the crushing, consequently, they require less time in their preparation for the table; 3rd, Cooked foods; 4th, Foods termed pre-digested, such as Orange Meat, etc.

A large number of foods have been analyzed, and some of the results are incorporated in the following table. In nearly every case the figures are the average of a number of analyses:

	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	3,968
White Bread	2,721
Entire Wheat Bread	2,486
Graham Bread	2,610

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the baby—anything further wrong?' Mrs. Dixon asked with the instinctive conclusion that misfortunes never come singly. 'Heard already,' she continued to pant, on hearing Mrs. Horace's tale. ''Come off, on the instant? Ah, my dear, my dear, did you not consider the expense, not to say the fatigue of the journey?'

'Mother, we are not come to that,' protested Augusta Dixon, with a catch in her voice, as she flung her arms round the shaking, sinking figure. 'What were expense and fatigue compared to my getting to you at once? Besides, I would not let Horace leave the office to come, as he wished, when I could do as well, and you are both to be with us so soon. For you and the Captain are to go back with me; you and I can make all the necessary arrangements and pack up to-day. Horace and I have settled it all. What is the good of children if they cannot come to the front at such a time? We are all going to live together. There is no fear of us quarreling; who would quarrel with you, darling, or with the poor old Captain? Quarrel! We shall be as happy as the day is long. You and Captain Dixon are to have my poor mother's room, and there is even the nicest little cupboard of a room for Madge, which she and I will make the prettiest little room in Edgbaston.'

'My dear Augusta,' sobbed Mrs. Dixon, clinging to the younger, stronger woman. 'You are the best of daughters, as my Harry is the best of sons. But it cannot be, your income is only too small for the increasing wants of your little family; you must think of that. And where is there more to come from, I should like to hear? No, no, whatever we do will not hamper you dear, innocent young people.'

'You will come to us, mother; you can, and you will,' Augusta insisted strongly. 'I'll tell you where the additional money is to come from. The moment Horace's superior in the office heard of the calamity—he had heard of it before it got into the papers—he sent for your son and gave him a step in rank, with the rise in salary to which we have been looking forward. Horace is so steady and sure, though some people may be quicker. Then there is an opening for Madge in the school in which I used to teach. I spoke to the Lady Principal last night, and she is ready to try Madge, who is certain to secure the situation, she is so bright and was so eager to do something even before the reverse. Work will be a pleasure to her so long as she has you and her father and the rest of us to come home to. And I am going to resume teaching for the present. I am confident I can gather together some of my old pupils in no time. I gave satisfaction as a teacher, though I say it myself. For the most part, I was fond of teaching in itself, and I missed it often after I gave it up, because of Horace in the first place, and then becausee of baby. Now you will look after the house, and the maid, and mind baby (though I am dreadfully afraid, dear, you will spoil him) a hundred times better than I can, while I shall be as busy as a bee with my music lessons.'

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